Here af-

ter foloweth a litle booke, whiche hath to name Why come ye not to courte, compiled by mayster Skeltō Poete Laureate.

All noble men of this take heed
and beleue it as your Creed.

TO hasty of sentence
To fierce for none offence
To scarce of your expence
To large in negligence
To slacke in recompence
To hauie in excellence
To lyght in tellegence
And to lyght in credence
where these kepe residence
Reson is banished thence
And also dame prudence
wyth sober sapience
All noble men. &c.

THan without collusion
Marke well this conclusion
Through such abusion
And by suche illusion
Unto great confusion
A noble man may fall
And his honour appall
And yf ye thinke thys shall
Not rubbe you on the gall
Than the deuyll take all &c.
Iste vates ille, de quo loquitur in Me

Why come ye not to courte
Hor age is a page
For the courteful vnmeete
For age cannot rage
Nor balle her sweet sweet
But whan age secth that rage
Dothe aswage and refrayne
Than will age haue a corage
To come to court agayne
But
Helas, sage ouerage
To madly decayes
That age for dottage
Is recouered now a dayes
Thus age agraunt domage
Is nothyng set by
And rage in a rerage
Doth renne lamentably
So
That rage must make pyllage
To catche that catche may
And with suche forage
Hunte the boskage
That

That hartes wyll ronne a way
Bothe Hartes and hindes
With all good mindes
Farewell, than haue good day

✠Than haue good day a dew
For defaute of reskew
Some men may happely rew
And theyr heades mew
The tyme dothe fast ensew
That bales begin to brew
I drede by swete Jesu
This tale wyll be to trew
In fayth dycken thou krew

In fayth dicken thou crew. &c.

DIcken, thou crew doutlesse
For trewly to expresse
There hath be moche excesse
With banketyng braynlesse
With riotyng rechelesse
With gambauding chyfflesse
With spende, and waste witlesse

Treating of truce restlesse
Prating for peace peaslesse
They countrynge at Calys
Wrang vs on the wales
Theef counselour was careleſſe
Gronyng grouching graceleſſe
And to none entent
Our tallwod is all brent
Our fagottes are all ſpent
We may blowe at the cole
Our mare hath caſt her role
And mocke hath loſt her ſhoo
What may ſhe do therto
In ende of an olde ſong
Do ryght and doo no wrong
As ryght as a rammes horne
For thike is threde bare worne
Our ſheep are ſhrewdly ſhorne
And trouthe is all to torne
Wyldoome is laught to ſcorne
Fauell is falſe forſworne
Fauell is nobly borne
Hauell and Haruy hakter

Jacke

Jacke Trauel and Cole crafter
We ſhall heare more herafter
With pollyng and ſhauynge
With borowynge and crauynge
Wyth reuynge and rauynge
With ſwerynge and ſtarynge
There vayleth no reſonyng
For wyll dothe rule al thing
Wyll wyll, will, wyll, wyll
He ruleth alway ſtyll
Good reaſon and good ſkyll
They may garlycke pyll
Carry ſackes to the mill
Or peſcoddes they may ſhill
Or els go roſte a ſtone
There is no man but one
That hath the ſtrokes alone
Be it blacke or white
All that he dooth is ryght
As right as a Cammocke croked
This vyll well ouer looked
Clercly percepue we may
There Went the hare away

The

The Hare, the Fox, the Gray
The Hart, the hinde the bucke
God lende vs better lucke

God lende vs better lucke. &c.

Twit Andrew, twit Scot
Geheme, geſcour thy pot
Foꝛ we haue ſpent our ſhot
Wee ſhall haue a tot quot
From the Pope of Rome
To weue all in one lome
A webbe of Lyſe wuice
Opus male dulce
The deuill kiſſe his cule
Foꝛ whiles he dothe rule
All is warſe and warſe
The deuyll kiſſe his arſe
Foꝛ whether he bleſſe oꝛ curſe
It cannot be much wurſe
From Baumberow to bothābar
We haue calſt vp our War
And made a woꝛthy treuſe
With gup leuell ſuſe

Our

Our mony madly lent
And more madly spent
From Croydon to Kent
Wote ye whither they went?
From winchelsy to Rye
And all not worthe a flye
From wentbridge to Hull
Our armye wareth dull
with turne all home agayne
And neuer a scot slayne
yet the good Erle of Surray
The frenche men he dothe fray
And vexeth them day by day
With all the power he may
The Frēche men he hath fainted
And made their hertes attaynted
Of chevalry he is the floure
Our lorde be his succour
The french men he hath so mated
And their courage abated
That they are but halfe men
Like foxes in their den
Lyke cankerd cowardes all

Lyke

Lyke Urcheons in a stone walle
They kepe them in their holdes
Lyke hen herted cokoldes

But yet they ouer shoote vs
With crownes & with Scutus
With Scutes & crownes of golde
I drede We are bought and solde
It is a wunders warke
They shoote all at one marke
At the Cardynals hat
They shoote all at that
Ouf of their stronge townes
They shote at him with crownes
With crownes of golde enblased
They make him so a mased
And his eyen so dased
That he ne see can
To know god nor man
He is set so hye
In his Jerarchy
Of frantycke frenesy
And folysshe Fantasy

That

That in the chambre of sterres
Al maters there he marres
Clappyng his rod on the boorde
No man dare speake a worde
For he hath all the sayeng
Without any renayeng
He rolleth in his recordes
he sayth, how say ye my lordes?
Is not my reason good
Good cuyn good Robyn hood
Some say yes. And some
Sit styll as they were dome
Thus thwartyng ouer thome
He ruleth al the roste
With braggyng and with boste
Borne vp on euery syde
With pompe and with pride
With trompe vp alleluya
For dame Philargerya
Hath so his herte in holde
He loueth nothyng but golde
And Asmodeus of hell
Maketh his membres swel

Wyth

With Dalyda to mell
That wanton damsell

☞ Adew philosophia
Adew Theologia
Welcome dame Simonia
With dame Lastrimergia
To drinke and for to eate
Sweet Ipocras and sweet meat
To kepe his flesshe chaste
In lent for a repaste
He eateth Capons stewed
Felaunt, and Partriche mewed
Hennes, cheekinnes and pigges
He foynes and he frigges
Spareth neither mayde ne Wyfe
This is a postels lyfe
Helas my herte is sory
To tel of vayne glory
But now vpon this story
I wyll no further rime
Tyll another tyme
☞ Till another time

what

What newes what newes
Small newes ꝑ trew is
That be worth two kues
But at the naked stewes
I vnderstande how that
The sygne of the Cardinall hat
That Inne is now shit vp
With gup whore gup, now gup
Gup Gilliam Trauillian
With tast you I say Julian
Wyll ye beare no colcs
A mayny of marefoles
That occupy theyr holes
Full of pocky moles
what heare ye of Lancalhyre
They were not payde their hyre
They are fell as any fyre
What heare ye of Chesshyre
They haue layde all in the myre
They grudge and sayde
Their wages were not payde
Some sayde they were afrayde
Of the Scottisshe holde

For

For all their crake and boste
wylde fyre and thunder
For all this worldly wunder
A hundred myle a sunder
They were whan they were nere
That is a trew tere
what heare ye of the scottes
They make vs all sottes
Popping holy she dawes
They make vs to pyll strawes
They play their olde prankes
After huntley bankes
At the streme of Banokz burne
They did vs a shrewde turne
whan Edwarde of Karnaruan
Lost al that his father wan

What here ye of ꝑ lorde dakers
He maketh vs Jacke rakers
He sayes We ar but crakers
He calleth vs England men
Stronge harted lyke an hen
For the scottes and hes

To

To wel they doo agree
With doo thou foz mee
And I shal doo foz thee
Whyles the red hat doth endure
He maketh him self cocks sure
The red hat with his lure
Bringeth al thinges vnder cure
But as the worlde now gose
What heare ye of the lorde Rose
Nothyng to purpose
Not worth a cockly kose
Their hertes be in their hose
The Erle of Northumberland
Dare take nothyng on hand
Our barons be so bolde
Into a mouse hole they wolde
Rynne away and creep
Lyke a mayny of sheep
Dare not looke out at dur
Foz drede of the mayshke cur
Foz drede of the buchers dog
Wold wyery them like an hog
Foz and this curre doo gnar

They

They muſt ſtande all a far
To holde vp their hand at ꝑ bar
For all their noble bloud
He pluckes them by the hood
And ſhakes them by the eare
And bring them in ſuche feare
He bayteth them lyke a bere
Lyke an oxe or a bull
Theyr wittes he ſayth are dull
He ſayth they haue no brayne
Theyr eſtate to mayntayne
And make to bow their knee
Before his maieſtee

Iudges of the kinges lawes
He countes them fooles & dawes
Sergeantes of the coyfe eke
He ſayeth they are to ſeeke
In pleting of their caſe
At the commune place
Or at the kinges benche
He wringeth thē ſuche a wrenche
That al our learned men

Dare

Dare not let theyr penne
To plete a trew tryall
Within Westminster hall
In the Chaūcery where he sittes
But suche as he admittes
None so hardy to speake
He sayth, thou huddy peake
Thi learnyng is to lewde
Thy tounge is not well the wde
To seeke before our grace
And openly in that place
He rages and he raues
And calles them cankerd knaues
Thus royally he dothe deale,
Under the kinges brode seale
And in the checker he thē checkes
In ỹ ster chābre he nodds & beckes
And beareth him there so stoute
That noman dare route
Duke, erle, baron nor lorde
But to his sentence must accorde
whether he be knight or squyer
Al men must folow his desyre

What say ye of ẏ scottysh king
That is another thyng
He is but an yonglyng
A stal worthy stryplyng
There is a whysprig & a whiplig
He shoulde be hyther brought
But and it were well sought
I trow all wylbe nought
Not worth a shittel cocke
Nor worth a so wre calstocke

¶ There goeth many a lye
Of the duke of Albany
That of should go his head
And brought in quicke or dead
And all Scotland owers
The mountenaunce of two hours
But as some men sayne
I drede of some false trayne
Subtelly wrought shalbe
Under a fayned treatee
But within monethes three
Men may happely see

The

The trechery, and the prankes
Of the Scottyshe bankes
What heare ye of Burgonions
And the Spayniardes Onyons:
They haue slaine our Englishmē
Aboue three score and ten
For all your amitee
No better they agree
God saue my Lorde Admirell
What heare ye of Muttrell:
There with I dare not mell
yet what heare ye tell
Of our graunde counsell:
I coulde say some what
But speake ye no more of that
For drede of the red hat
Take peper in the nose
For than thyne hed of gose
Of by the harde arse
But there is some traunes
Betwene some and some
That makes our sire to glum
It is some what wronge

That his berde is so long
He mourneth in blacke clothing
I pray god saue the king
Where euer he go or ryde
I pray god be his gyde
Thus wyll I conclude my style
And fall to rest a whyle

And so to rest a whyle, &c.

ONes yet agayne
Of you I Wold frayne
Why come ye not to courte
To whiche courte?
To the kinges courte
Or to hampton courte?
Nay to the kinges courte
The kinges courte
Should haue the excellence
But hampton courte
Hath the preeminence
And yorkes place
With my lordes grace
To whose magnificence

Is al the conclewence
Sutes and supplications
Embassades of all nacyons
Straw for law canon
Or for the law cõmon
Or for law cyuyll
It shall be as he wyll
Stop at lawtancrete
In obstract or a concrete
Be it soure be it sweete
His wisdome is so dyscrete
That in a fume or an hete
Warden of the fleet
Set him fast by the feet
And of his royall powre
Whan him lyst to lowre
Than haue him to the Toure
Saunz aulter remedy
Haue him forthe by and by
To the marshalsy
Or to the kinges benche
He dyggeth so in the trenche
Of the court royall

That he ruleth them all
So he dothe vndermynde
And such sleyghtes dothe finde
That the kinges minde
By him is subuerted
And so streatly coarted
In credensyng his tales
That all is but nutshales
That any other sayth
He hath in him suche sayth

✠ Now, yet all this might bee
Suffred and taken in gree
If that, that he wrought
To any good ende were brought
But all he bringeth to nought
By god that me deare bought
He berith the kyng on hand
That he must pyl his land
To make his cofers ryche
But he layeth all in the dyche
And bleth suche abusyon
That in the conclusyon

All

All commeth to confusyon
Perceyue the cause why
To tell the trouth playnly
He is so ambicious
So shamles, and so vicious
And so superstitious
And so muche obliuyous
From whens that he came
That he falleth into Iesuiam
whiche truly to expresse
Is a forgetfulnesse
Or wylfull blyndnesse
Wherwith the Sodomites
Loste their inwarde syghtes
The gomorians also
Were brought to deadly wo
As scripture recordes
Accelitate cordes
In the latyne synge we
Lybera nos domine
But this mad Amalecke
Lyke to Amamelek
He regardeth Lordes

No more than pot shordes
He is in suche elacion
Of his exaltacyon
And the supportacion
Of our souerayne lorde
That god to recorde
He ruleth al at wyll
Without reason or skyll
Howbe it the primordyal
Of his wretched originall
And his base progeny
And his grety genealogy
He came of the sank royall
ꝑ was cast out of a bochers stall

Bitt howeuer he was borne
Men wolde haue the lesse scorne
If he coulde consyder
His byrth and rowme together
And cal to his minde
Howe noble and howe kynde
To him he hath founde
Our souerayne lorde, chief ground
of

Of all this prelacy
And set him nobly
In great auctoryte
Out from a low degree
Which he cannot see
For he was parde
No doctor of deuinitie
Nor docter of the law
Nor of none other saw
But a poore maister of arte
God wot had litle parte
Of the Quatriuials
Nor yet of triuials
Nor of philosophy
Nor of Philology
Nor of good pollycy
Nor of astronomy
Nor acquaynted worth a fly
With honourable Haly
Nor With royall Ptholomy
Nor with Albumasar
To treate of any star
Fyxt or elis mobyll

Hys

His latyn tounge dothe hobbyll
He dothe but cloute and cobbell
In Tullis faculte
Called humanyte
Yet proudly he dare pretende
How noman can him amende
But haue ye not heard this
How an one eyed man is
Well sighted, when
He is amonge blynde men

¶ Than our processe for to stable
This man was full vnable
To reche to such degree
Had not our prince bee
Royall Henry the eyght
Take him in suche conceyt
That he set him on heyght
In exemplifieng
Greate Alexander the king
In writting as we finde
Whiche of his royall minde
And of his noble pleasure

Than

Transcending out of measure
Thought to do a thing
That perteyneth to a king
To make vp one of nought
And made to him be brought
A wretched poore man
Whiche his liuing wan
With plantyng of Leekes
By the dayes and by the weekes
And of this poore vassall
He made a kynge royal
And gaue him a realme to rule
That occupyed a showel
A mattoke, and a spade
Before that he was made
A kyng, as I haue tolde
And ruled as he wolde
Suche is a kinges power
To make within an houer
And worke suche a miracle
That shalbe a spectacle
Of renowme and worldly fame
In lykewyse now the same

Cardynall

Cardinall, is promoted
Yet with lewde condicions coted
As hearafter ben noted
Presumpcion and vayne glory
Enuy, Wrath, and lechery
Couetes, and gluttony
Slouthful to doo good
Now frantike, now starke woode
Should this mā of suche moode
Rule the swerde of might
How can he doo right
For he wyll as soone smight
His freend, as his foe
A prouerbe longe a go

Set vp a Wretche on hye
In a trone triumphantly
Make him a great estate
And he wyl play checke mate
With royall maiestee
Counte himselfe as good as hee
A prelate potenciall
To rule vnder Bellyall

As

As ferce and as cruel
As the feende of hel
His seruauntes menyal
He dothe reuyle and bral
Lyke Mahounde in a play
No man dare him withsay
He hath dyspyght and scorne
At them that be wel borne
He rebukes them and rayles
Ye horsons, ye vallayles
Ye knaues ye churles sonnes
Ye rebaudy not worth two plūmy
Ye raynbeten beggers rciagged
Ye rcerayed ruffyns al ragged
With stoupe thou hauel
Renne thou iauel
Thou peyssh pye pecked
Thou losel longe necked
Thus dayly thei be decked
Taunted and checked
That they are so wo
They wot not whether to go
No mā dare come to the speche

Of

Of this gentell Jacke breche
Of what estate he bee
Of spirituall dygnytie
Nor duke of hye degree
Nor Marques Erle, nor lorde
Whiche shrewdly doth accorde
Thus he borne so base
All noble men should out face
His countynaunce lyke a kayser
My lorde is not at layser
Syr ye must tary a stounde
Tyll better layser be founde
And syr, ye must dauce attè dauce
And take patient sufferaunce
For my lordes grace
Hath now no tyme nor space
To speake with you as yet
And thus they shall syt
Chuse them syt or flit
Stande, walke, or ryde
And his layser abyde
Parchaunce halfe a yere
And yet neuer the nere

This

This daungerous dowkypere
Lyke a kynges pere
And within this .xvi. yere
He wolde haue ben right fayne
To haue ben a chaplayne
And haue taken right great payn
With a poore knight
What so euer he hyght
The cheefe of his owne counsel
They cannot well tel
Whan they with him should mel
He is so fiers and fel
He rayles and he rates
He calleth them doddy pates
He grinnes and he gapes
As it were Jacke Napes
Suche a mad bedleme
For to rule this realme
It is a Wonders case
That the kinges grace
Is towarde him so minded
And so farre blynded
That he cannot perceyue

How

How he dothe him disceyue
I dought lest by sorsery
Or such other losery
As wyche craft, or charming
For he is the kinges derlyng
And his sweet hart roote
E is gouerned by this mad koote
For what is a man the better
For the kynges letter
For he wil tere it a sunder
Wherat muche I wunder
How suche a hoddy poule
So boldly dare controule
And so malapertly withstand
The kynges owne hand
And settes not by it a myte
He sayth the kyng dothe wite
And witeth he wot not what
And yet for all that
The kyng his clemency
Dispenseth with his demenesy

But what his grace doth thik

I

I haue no pen nor ynke
That therwith can meli
But wel I can tell
How Fraunces Petrarke
That moche noble clerke
Writeth how charlemayne
Coulde not him self refrayne
But was rauysht with a rage
Of a like dotage
But how that came about
Rede ye the story out
And ye shall finde surely
It was by nigromansy
By carectes and conjuracion
Under a certayne constellacion
And a certayne sumpgacyon
Under a stone on a golde ryng
Wrought to Charlemayn ꝑ kinge
Whiche constrayned him forcebly
For to loue a certayne body
Above all other in ordinarly
This is no fable nor no lye
At Aeon it was brought to pas

As by myne auctor tried it was
but let mi masters mathematical
Tell you the rest, for me they shal
They haue the full intellygence
And dare vse the experyens
In there obsolute consciens
To practique such abolete sciens
For I abhore to smatter
Of one so deuillysshe a matter
But I wyll make further relaciō
Of this Isagogicall collation
How maister Gaguine the crow-
Of the feates of war (nycler
That were doone in Fraunce
Maketh remembraunce
How kynge Lewes of late
Made vp a great estate
Of a poore wretched man
Wherof muche care began
Johānes Balua was his name
Myne auctor writeth the same
Promoted was hee
To a Cardynalles dignitie

By

By Lewes the kynge afore sayde
With him so wele apayde
That he made hi his chaunceler
To make all, or to mar
And to rule as him lyst
Tyl he checked at the fyll
And agayne all reason
Commited open treason
And agaynst his lorde soueraygn
Wherfore he suffred payn
Was heded, drawen & quartered
And dyed stinkingly martered
¶ Lo yet for all that
He ware a cardinals hat
In him was small fayth
As myne auctor sayth
Not for that I meane
Suche a cautelli should be seene
Or suche chaunce should fall
Unto our Cardinal
Almyghty god I trust
Hath for him discust
That of force he must

Be faythfull, trew and iust
To our moste royall kynge
Cheef roote of his makinge
Yet it is a wyly mouse
That cā bilde his dwellig house
Within the cattes eare
Withouten drede or feare
It is a nyce reconing
To put all the gouernyng
All the rule of this lande
Into one mans hande
One wyse mans head
May stande somwhat in stede
But the wittes of many wyse
Moche better can deuyse
By their circumspection
And their sad dyrection
To cause the commune weale
Longe to endure in heale
Christe kepe king Henry the eyght
From trechery and disceyght
And graunt him grace to know
The Faucon from the Crow

The

The wolfe from the Lam
From whens that mastyfe cam
Let him neuer confounde
The gentyll greyhounde
Of this matter the grounde
Is easy to expounde
And soone may be perceyued
How the worlde is conueyed

¶ But harke my freēd one word
In ernest or in borde
Tell me now in this stede
Is maister Mewtas dead
The kinges frenshe secretary
And his vntrew aduersary
For he sent in writing
To fraunces the frenche king
of our masters coūsel ī euerī thīg
That was a perillous rekenyng

Nay nay, he is not dead
But he was so payned in ẏ head
that he shal neuer eat more bread

Now he is gone to another stede
With a bull vnder lead
By way of cummyssion
To a straunge iurisdictyon
Called Diminges dale
Farre beyonde portyngale
And hathe his pasporte to pas
Ultra sauromatas
To the deuyl syr Sathanas
To Pluto and syr Bellyall
The deuyls vycare general
And to his college conuentual
As well calodemonyall
As to cacademonyall
To puruey for our Cardynal
A palace pontificall
To keep his courte prouyncyall
Upon artycles iudicial
To contende and to stryue
For his prerogatiue
Within that consistory
To make sommons peremtory
Before some prothonotory

Imperial

Imperyal or papall
Upon this matter mistical
I haue tolde you part, but not al
Heere after perchaunce I shal
Make a larger memoryal
And a further rehersall
And more paper I thinke to blot
To the courte why I cam not
Desyryng you abolie all thyng
To keep you from laughyng
Whan ye fall to reding
Of this wanton scrowle
And pray for Hewtas soule
For he is wel past and gone
That wolde god euerichone
Of his affinitie
Were gone as well as hee
Amen, amen, say yee
Of your inward charitie.

Amen.

Of your outwarde charitie.

IT were great ruthe
For writing of truth

Any

Any man ſhould be
In perplexitie
Of diſpleaſure
For I make you ſure
Where trouth is abhorde
It is a playne recorde
That there wantes grace
In whoſe place
Do the occupy
Ful ungraciouſly
Fals flatery
Fals treachery
Fals hypocry
Subtyle Sym Sly
With mad foly
For who can beſt lye
He is beſt ſet by
Than farwell to thee
Welthfull felicitee
For proſperitie
Away than will flee
Than muſt we agree
With poucrtie

For

For misery
With penury
Myserably
And wretchedly
Hath made askry
And outcry
Folowynge the chase
To driue a way grace
Yet sayest thou per case
We can lacke no grace
For my lordes grace
And my Ladyes grace
With trey deuse ace
And ase in the face
Some haute and some bace
Some daunce the trace
Euer in one case
Marke me that chase
In the Tennis play
For sinke quater trey
Is a tal man
He rod, but we ran
Hay the gye and the gan

The gray goose is no swan
The waters war wan
And beggers they ban
And they cursed datan
De tribu dan
That this worke began
Palam, et clam
With Balak and Balam

☞ The golden ram
Of flemmyng dam
Sem, Japheth, or cam:
But how come to pas
Your cupboorde that was
Is turned to glasse
From siluer to brasse
From golde to pewter
Or els to a newter
To copper, to tyn
To lead, or Alcumyn
A goldsmyth your Mayre
But the cheef of your fayre
Phtyg stand now by potters

And

And suche as fell trotters
Pytchars, potshordes
This shrewdly accordes
To be a cupborde for lordes
My lorde now and sir knight
Good euyn and good night
For now syr Tristram
Ye must weare bukram
Or Canuas of Cane
For sylkes are wane
Our royals that shone
Our nobles are gone
Amonge the Burgonyons
And spanyardes onyons
And the Flanderkyns
Gylt sweates and Cate spinnes
They are happy that winnes
But Englande may wel say
Fye on this winning alway
Now nothing, but pay pay
With laughe and lay downe
Borough, Citie and towne
Good Springe of Lanam

Must counte what he came
Of his clothe making
He is at such taking
Though his purse war dull
He must tax for his wull
By nature of a new wit
My lordes grace nameth it
A quia non satisfacit
In the spight of his teeth
He must pay agayne
A thousand or twayne
Of his golde in store
And yet he payde before
An hunderd pound and more
Whiche pincheth him sore
My lordes grace will bring
Downe this hye Spring
And bringe it so low
It shall not euer flow

Such a prelate I trowe
Were worthy to rowe
Thorow the streytes Marocke

To

To the gybbet of Baldock
He wolde dry vp the ſtremes
Of.iv. kinges realmes
All riuers and welles
All waters that ſwelles
For with vs he ſo melles
That within England dwelles
I wolde he were ſom where elſ
For els by and by
He wil drinke vs ſo dry
And ſucke vs ſo ny
That men ſhall ſcantly
Haue penny or halpeny
God ſaue his noble grace
And graunt him a place
Endleſſe to dwel
With the deuyl of hel
For and he were there
We need neuer feare
Of the feendes blake
For I vnder take
He wolde ſo drag and drake
That he wolde than make

The deuyls to quake
To shudder and to shake
Lyke a fiet drake
And with a cole rake
Bruse them on a brake
And bynde them to a stake
And set hell on fyer
At his owne desyer
He is suche a grim syer
And suche a potestolate
And suche a potestate
That he wolde breke the braynes
Of Lucyfer in his chaynes
And rule them echone
In Lucyfers trone
I wolde he were gone
For amonge vs is none
That ruleth, but he alone
Without all good reason
And all out of season
For Folam Pealon
With him be not gelon
They growe very ranke

Upon

Upon euery banke
Of his herbers greene
Wyth my lady bryght and sheene
On their game it is seen
They play not all clene
And it be as I weene

¶But as touching distrection
With sober direction
He kepeth them in subiection
They can haue no protection
To rule nor to guyde
But all must be tryde
And abyde the correction
Of him wyll full affection
For as for witte
The deuyll speed whitte
But braynlyk and braynlesse
Witles and recheleſſe
Careles and shamleſſe
Thryftles and graceleſſe
To gether are bended
And so condisce..ded

That

That the commune welth
Shall neuer haue good helth
But tattered and rugged
Ragged, and rugged
Shauen and shorne
And all threde bare worne
Suche gredinelle
Suche nedinelle
Wyserablenelle
With wretchednelle
Hath brought in distresse
And moche heuynelle
And great doloure
England the Floure
Of relucent honoure
In olde commemoracion
Most royall Englishe nacion
Now all is out of facion
Almoste in desolation
I speake by protestacion
God of his miseracyon
Send better reformacion
Lo, for to doo shamfully

He

He iudgeth it no foly
But to write of his shame
He sayth we ar to blame
What a frensy is this
No shame to doo amys
And yet he is a shamed
To be shamfully named
And oft prechours be blamed
Bycause they haue proclamed
His madnesse by writing
His simplenesse resiting
Remordyng and bytyng
With chiding and with fliting
She wynge him goddes lawes
He calleth the prechers dawes.

✠ And of holy scriptures sawes
He counteth them for gygawes
And putteth them to sylence
And with wordes of vyolence
Lyke Pharao, voyde of grace
Dyd Moyses sore manase
And Aron sore he thret

The worde of god to let
This maumet in lyke wyse
Agaynst the churche doth ryse
The prechour he dothe dispyse
With crabing in suche wyse
So braggyng all with boste
That no prechour almoste
Dare speake for his lyfe
Of my lordes grace, nor his wife
For he hath suche a bull
He may take whome he will
And as many as hym likes
May eate pigges in lent for pikes
After the sectes of heretykes
For in lent he will eate
All maner of flesshe meate
That he can any where gete
With other abusyons great
Wherof for to trete
It wolde make ꝑ deuyll to sweat
For all priuileged places
He brekes and defaces
All places of relygion

He

He hath them in derisyon
And maketh suche prouision
To dryue them at diuisyon
And finally inconclusyon
To bringe them to confusyon
Saynt Albons to recorde
Whereof this vngracious lorde
Hathe made him selfe abbot
Agaynst their wylles god wot
All this he dothe deale
Under strength of the great seale
And by his legacy
Whiche madly he dothe apply
Unto an extrauagancy
Pyked out of all good law
Wyth reasons that ben raw
Yet whan he todke first his hat
He sayd he knew what was what
All iustyce he pretended
All thynges should be amended
All wronges he wolde redresse
All iniuris he wolde represse
All periuris he wolde oppresse

And yet this gracelesse rise
He is periured him selfe
As playnly it dothe appere
Who list to enquere
In the regestry
Of my lorde of Cantorbury
To whome he was professed
In thre poyntes expressed
The fyrst to doo him reuerence
The secõde to owe him obedience
The thirde with whole affection
To be vnder his subiection
But now he maketh obiection
Under the protection
Of the kinges great seale
That he setteth neuer a deale
By his former othe
whether god be pleased or wrothe
He maketh so proude pretence
That in his equipolens
He iudgeth him equiualent
With god omnipotent
But yet beware the rod

And

And the stroke of god
The apostel Peter
Had a poore myter
And a poore cope
Whan he was creat pope
Fyrst in Antioche
He dyd neuer approche
Of Rome to the see
With such dignitie
Saynt Dunstane what was hee
Nothyng he sayeth like to mee
There is a dyuersitie
Bet wene him and me
We passe him in degree
As legatus a latere
Ecce sacerdos magnus
That will hed vs and hange vs
And streitly strangle vs
And he may fange vs
Decre and decretall
Constitucion prouincyall
Nor no law canonicall
Shall let the preest pontyficall

To sit in causa sanguinis
Now god amende that is amys
For I suppose that he is
Of Jeremy the whiskyng rod
The flayle, the scourge
Of almyghty god
This naman Sirus
So fell and so ireus
So full of malencoly
With a flap afore his eye
Men wene that he is pocky
Or els his surgions they lye
For as far as the can spy
By the crafte of surgery
It is manus domini
And yet this proude Antiochus
He is so ambicious
So elate, and so vicious
And so crucil harted
That he wyl not be conuerted
For he letteth god a parte
He is now so ouerthwart
And so payned with panges

That

That al his trust hanges
In Balthasor, whiche healed
Domigos nose, that was wheled
That Lumberdes nose meane I
That standeth yet a wrye
It was not healed alderbest
It standeth somwhat on the west
I meane Domingo Lomelyn
That was wont to wyn
Woche money of the kyng
At the cardys and haserdyng
balthasor ỹ healed domigos nose
From the puskilde pocky pose
Now with his gũmis of araby
hath ỹmised tohele our cardinals
yet sum surgiõs put a dout (eye
Lest he wyl but it cleane out(mes
And make hi lame of his neder li-
god lẽde him sorow for his sines
Sum mẽ might aske a question
By whose suggestyon
I tooke on hand this warke
Thus boldly for to barke

And

And men lyst to harke
And my wordes marke
I wyl answere like a clerke
For trewly and vnfayned
I am forcebly constrayned
At Iuuinals request
To wright of this glorious gest
Of this vayne glorious best
His fame to be encrest
At euery solempne feast
Quia difficile est
Satiram non scribere:
Now mayster doctor, how say ye
Whatsoeuer your name be
What though ye be nameless
Ye shall not escape blameless
Nor yet shall scape shameless
Mayster doctor in your degree
Your selfe madly ye ouer see
Blame Iuuinal & blame not mee
Maister doctor diricum
Omne, animi vicium. &c
As Iuuinall dothe recorde

A ſmall defaute in a great lorde
A litle cryme in a great eſtate
Is muche more inordinate
And more horyble to beholde
Than any other a thouſand folde
Ye put to blame ye wot nere whō
Ye may weare a cockes come
Your fōde hed in your furred hood
Holde ye your toūge ye cā no good
And at more conuenient tyme
I may fortune for to ryme
Somwhat of your madneſſe
For ſmall is your ſadneſſe
To put any man in lacke
And ſay I'll behinde his backe
And my wordes marke truly
That ye cannot byde thereby
For Smigma non eſt cinamomū
But de abſentibus nil niſi bonū
Complayne or doo what ye wyll
Of your cōplaynt it ſhall not ſkyl
This is the tenor of my byl
A daucocke ye be, & ſo ſhalbe ſtyl

Sequitur

Sequitur epitoma
de morbilloso Thoma
Nec non obsceno
de poliphemo. &c.

Porro perbelle dissimulatũ
Illũ pãdulohũ tatũ legatũ
Tam formidatũ nuper prelatum
Ceu, Naman sirũ nunc elongatũ
Insositudine iam commoratum
Neapolitano morbo grauatum
Malagmate, Cataplasmati statũ
Pharmacapoly ferro foratum
Nihilo magis alleniatum
Nihilo melius aut medicatum
Relictis famulis ad famulatum
Quo tollatur infamia
Sed maior patet insania
A modo ergo Ganea
Abhorreat ille Ganeus
Dominus male Cretecus
Aptius Dictus Tetricus
Phanaticus freneticus

Graphicus

Graphicus sicut Metricus
Autumat.

HOc genus dictaminis
Non egit examinis
In centiloquio nec centimetro
Honorati
Grammatici
Mauri,
Decasticon virulentum in galeratum, Licaonta marinum. &c.
PRoghdolor, ecce marz lupus
et nequissimus, vrsus
Carnificis vitulus Britonumqz
dubulcus iniqus
Conflatus, vitulus, vel Oreb
vel Salmana, vel zeb.
Carduus, et erudelis Asaph
qz Datan reprobatus
Blandus et Acchitiphel, regis
scelus omne Britannum
Ecclesias, qui namque Thomas
confundit vbique
Non sacer iste, Thomas

sed

sed duro cozde, Goleas
Quem gestat Mulus
sathane caret (oblecro) culus
Fundens Alpaltum (pzecoz)
hunc versum lege cautum
Asperius nichil est misero
Quum surget in altum.

¶ Apostropha an Londini ciues (citanto mulum asino aureo galeato) in occursum aguile. &c.

Exitat eu asinus multum
(mirabile, visu
Calcibus O vestro ciues
occurite Aselio
Qui regnum regemqz regit
qui vestra gubernat
Pzedia diuitias, nummos
galas spoliando.

¶ Dixit, alludens, immo illudẽs
Dodoxã de asino aureo galerato
xx xiiii.
Hec batz ille, de quo loqũtur mille
Finis.

Imprynted at London in
Paules churche yarde at the
Sygne of the Rose by
John Wyght.